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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

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"GIVE TO US PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD."

(TUNE, RUSSIAN HYMN.)

God, the All-terrible, thou who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy Word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-pitiful! is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening,
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

{ Born, Lancashire, Eng., 1800. }
{ Died, London, Eng., 1872. }

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An Open Letter to the Orthodox Friends of the Liberal Congress, from Director Rev. John Faville, Pastor of First Congregational Church of Peoria, Ill.

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SIXTH SESSION
TO BE HELD
IN
BOSTON,
OCTOBER,
1899.

PEORIA, ILL., April 1, 1899.

DEAR FRIEND:

The "Liberal Congress of Religion" was born of the "World's Parliament of Religions" held in Chicago in 1893. The Congress believes that "Unities of thought, feeling, aspiration and ethics exist in widely different systems of faith; that men can confess their spiritual kinship and reverence each other's reverence without closely sharing each other's doctrinal beliefs, and without disloyalty to the truth as they individually see it; and while differences of belief are to be frankly declared, the glad recognition of these unities and this kinship is also a part—and an important part—of the higher religion of the world."

The sessions of the Congress have been a demonstration of its belief. Its five annual meetings have brought together in fraternal and inspiring intercourse representatives of many religions, as well as widely different expounders of our Christian faith. Consultation, comparison, the love of men as well as the love of truth, the search for the "common denominator" in all religions, the recognition of the oneness of humanity in its moral nature, its soul laws, its spiritual needs—these in addition to many a practical discussion, have been the order of the day in our gatherings. The Congress stands for liberty, but insists that beyond liberty—deeper and more imperative in the social, moral, religious world—is the demand for unity. Asking no man to "vacate his convictions," longing for the message from every sincere life—Jew or Gentile, Conservative or Liberal—aiming to be constructive always, the Congress has not groped for a new or experimental fellowship, but has exemplified the eternal bond which exists between tolerant, truthful, reverent men and women in all the world. It has more than demonstrated its right to be; it has won a right to duplicate itself in every state, to spread until it shall enlist all who believe in the unity of liberty and the liberty of unity.

The Congress at its last session at Omaha appointed committees to relieve our indefatigable, sacrificing and overburdened secretary of the financial part of this work. Thirty-five hundred dollars are needed for this year. I was made a committee to secure two-hundred and fifty dollars of this amount from the evangelical pastors and churches in sympathy with the aim and efforts of the Congress. We ought to raise a thousand dollars from this source, for the amount asked for is not our share.

Will you not respond to this call in one of the following ways:

1. By becoming a life member of the Association through the payment of twenty-five dollars; or
2. By becoming an annual member through the payment of five dollars; or
3. By having your church or society contribute a sum (not less than ten dollars), which will entitle it to three delegates to the Congress for every hundred members; or
4. By subscribing two dollars for *Unity*, the official organ of the Congress; or
5. By any contribution, large or small, which you choose to make.

I am exceedingly anxious that our Evangelical churches and pastors shall have a part in this great movement; a share in both its burdens and its honors.

I shall be glad to have from you suggestion, comment or criticism. I will send you, if you wish, the proceedings, published in full of the last Congress, and will consider it a privilege to give you any information at my command.

Please send what you contribute to my address and receipt will be forwarded you from our treasurer.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN FAVILLE,

Pastor First Congregational Church, Peoria, Ill.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1899. NUMBER 9.

Chautauqua is a name identified with popular education. It inaugurated a new thing, and after many years of development and experience it is starting out for a fifty thousand dollar endowment, which we predict will be the forerunner of a much larger sum. The good work done by the Chautauqua circles calls for better work to be done. The best part of the work is its promising character.

The "Cause," issued by Mr. Salter's society, says the ethical movement has spoken with practical unanimity against imperialism. The movement in Germany has opposed the policy of expansion in that country; the "Ethical World" in London has opposed British imperialism; Professor Adler, in the "International Journal of Ethics," sounded the note of warning last October, while Mr. Sheldon of St. Louis, Mr. Salter of Chicago and Mr. Duncan of Milwaukee have all identified themselves with the protest against the authority of power as opposed to the authority of right and love.

The "People's Press" of Chicago joins in the demand which UNITY has been making for many years for more free halls in our cities. It well says, one of the greatest difficulties is the lack of cheap and respectable meeting places in the way of those who would elevate the public. We renew the suggestion made some weeks ago that the public demand a freer use of the assembly rooms in the public school buildings of our cities. It is a narrow interpretation of education that confines their use to the six hours of the school day. They belong to the people, built by the people and for the people. Let them be used for everything that will elevate interest or legitimately amuse the people, and when they are worn out the people will build some more.

The prospectus of the "Presbyterian University of Texas" is before us. Article III of the charter requires that "the catechism, confession of faith, form of government, book of Discipline and history of the Presbyterian Church, be regular text-books and examination in the knowledge of them necessary for graduation, the same as Latin and Greek." This is not a bad idea, so long as catechisms and confessions of faith are to form an essential element in the religious life and a corporate part of religious organizations they deserve to be studied and they should be studied under academic conditions. Let the full text of these creeds be scrutinized and appreciated. Then what remains will be vital and what is not vital will in due time be eliminated.

If the United States has a "Grand Old Man" who stands out above the many grand old men of today, it is Edward Everett Hale, who, in his seventy-seventh year, is living to see that coming into prominence, the agitation of which he prophesied so many, many years ago, the federation of the world and the establishment of an international court of arbitration. Clearly, he stands as the leader of the American clergy in this direction, which, alas, as it seems to us, is sadly in need of leading, for it is pathetic when the would-be followers of the Prince of Peace stand by and for the destructions of war. In Chicago there is even a suggestion of a "ministerial organization" to uphold the expansion movement in our country.

It is amusing to the people of Chicago to learn how Rev. N. D. Hillis, the new pastor of Plymouth Church, suddenly finds himself arraigned for radicalism in Brooklyn. Here in Chicago we thought Brother Hillis was rather careful of his reputation for orthodoxy and orthodoxy was more careful than he of its right to claim him as orthodox. Here he went on preaching books and about books, and nobody was disturbed, but in Brooklyn this seems to be so much of an innovation that the clergy are lifting a protesting voice lest the public mind should be confused as regards the inspirations of modern and ancient poets, the gospel of Job and the gospel found in the Prometheus of Aeschylus and the Hamlet of Shakespeare. We send our word of encouragement to our Brooklyn friends and beg of them to take heart. We have tried that kind of preaching in Chicago and it has not hurt us and we do not think that in the long run it will hurt Brooklyn.

The Sunday of the bicycle has come again. There is no use protesting for no suasion will probably turn aside the enthusiast of the wheel and he and she will persist in "scorching" rather than in praying, singing or listening on the beautiful Sunday mornings. We are willing to believe in the divinity of the wheel and remind our readers of what we have said during previous seasons, "the wheel has come to stay," but we believe also in the divinity of the human soul and await that exercise of discretion and application of the law of proportions that will persuade even the man and the woman who have a wheel that they cannot afford to lose the serenity of the Sunday morning with its meditation, worship, the hospitalities of the intellect and the fraternities of the heart. Surely the luxury of muscular exercise and the exhilaration that comes therefrom are not the highest means of development and they do not represent the rarest opportunities of the soul. Reader, do you own a wheel? Pray see to it that you do own the wheel rather than it owning you and tyrannizing over your body and your soul.

The newspapers of Chicago have undertaken to minimize the significance of the meeting which has been called to protest against the expansion by war of the United States, at Central Music Hall, for next Sunday afternoon, by ascribing it as a movement on the part of Dr. Thomas, Mr. White, Mr. Salter and the senior editor of this paper. These men are interested, but it is by no means a clerical movement, as the published call shows. It is a meeting not called in the interest of party or of mere protest. The papers are busy in demanding of these protestants a prescription as to what to do next. If they were only as willing to publish the prescription offered by the anti-expansionists as they are the challenge from the other side, it would appear that these men are not without a program. Is it not something positive to recommend that a mistake, however honestly committed, should

be rectified? When a man has started on the wrong road in the majority of cases there is no correction except by retracing the steps. If this war is not justifiable, the first thing to do is to stop the war; then diplomacy can begin and diplomacy should first challenge the attention, sympathy and coöperation of the powers of Europe. Let the great governments of the world decide what they will do together for the Philippines and agree as they once did concerning Japan and other points, to all keep hands off until at least due notice is given to all the remaining powers. Then let negotiations go on with the natives (who this far have shown at least sufficient civilization to put up a stiff fight) and secure from them such exchange of commercial and other courtesies as will look to harmony and, if desirable, farther along unity with the United States or with any other power which they may court rather than with the power that may coerce them. Ours is a program that suggests that the killing stop and that consultation and diplomacy begin.

"The Organization of the World."

This is the suggestive phrase which Edwin D. Mead, editor of the "New England Magazine," has done so much in giving publicity. Mr. Mead himself is the author of three tracts in this interest which are entitled as follows: 1. "Organize the World;" 2. "Kant's 'Eternal Peace;'" 3. "Charles Sumner's More Excellent Way," these can be obtained at the rate of three cents per copy. There also lies before us a reprint from the "New England Magazine" for April, containing a seven-page account of the peace movement as it is shaping itself in Boston and elsewhere. It gives generous commendation to Dr. Trueblood's little book, entitled "The Federation of the World," of which we have already spoken. He calls it "The book of books for the crusade now being inaugurated for peace." It should be circulated by the thousands. It is a book of hope and confidence. Mr. Mead also directs our attention to the service Dr. Trueblood has rendered in other directions as editor of "The Advocate of Peace," as a translator of Kant's "Eternal Peace." Mr. Mead also calls new attention to Charles Sumner's "Never to be Forgotten Nor Escaped" address on "The True Grandeur of Nations," delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, half a century ago.

We are told that the first meeting in Boston in the interest of this movement, addressed by Rev. Lyman Abbott and others, which occurred on the first Monday in March, "was most impressive. A thousand men and women gathered at that noon hour and joined in singing Chorley's great hymn, 'Give to Us Peace in Our Time, O Lord,' which, by a beautiful fatality, was set years ago and is still commonly sung as it was at Boston to the music of the Russian Hymn." Mr. Mead also rebukes the faithlessness and the cynicism that lurks in the public mind concerning the sincerity and distrust of the Russian, which distrust may be pardoned or explained in the English mind, but ought to have no lodgment in the American mind when we remember that Russia gave to its millions of serfs an emancipation that was bloodless, while ours cost half a million lives and untold treasure, and in our darkest struggle we felt the hand of Russia extended to us across the darkness. That there have been grim, barbaric forces at work in Russia no one can doubt, least of all the better elements of Russia itself. But on account of the tyranny, the cruelty and the grinding social injustice there has been bred the noble and to be expected reaction which has given us at least three men whom Mr. Mead tells us "have done the greatest service for the world's greatest cause, viz., Tolstoi, Verestchagin and now the Czar." Mr. Mead shares with UNITY the regret over the recent false notes in Kipling's inspiration. He speaks of the "Truce with the Bear" as that "most nefarious and mischievous of poems in which Kipling has sought to strengthen in the English world a fundamental distrust of the Russia people," "and," adds Mr. Mead, "we may at this time ask which is the more hopeful condition, a bear that is trying to act like a man or a man that is trying to act like a bear?" Let not near issues blind us to the far-reaching call of the waning century to the new century about to be born. Mr. Mead is right when he says "The curse of militarism rests like a paralysis upon every nation in Europe. * * * How appallingly England feels it appeared in the discussion of the army and the navy budget in Parliament recently. Two hundred and forty million dollars was the estimate for British army and navy expenses for the next fiscal year."

Patriots of America! Skill in the manipulation of powder or the willingness to die on the field of battle, prowess in the presence of physical danger, are not now, if they ever have been, a measure of the hero or an index of civilization. Whatever the merits of the cause of the Filipinos may be, they have unquestionably vindicated their right to respect on these levels and there is every indication that their stock of physical courage will hold out. If the Filipinos are to be conquered by Americans, as we hope they are, it must be a conquest of ideas. We must overlay them with kindness and persuade them by the arts of peace rather than by the arts of war. But even if the grim arbitrament of the sword must still be trusted for a while in the South Sea Islands, let this not interfere with the high quest of The Hague Conference, which seeks to adjust the international relations that exist between the would-be civilized powers of Europe and America on other than the war basis. The great standing armies of the world and the immense investments of the navies of the world do not exist and are not made in order that civilization may cope more successfully with barbarism. They are not supported for the sake of conquering the naked savages of Africa or of the Philippine Islands, but they are kept "standing," mark the word, to watch one another. The "Christian" powers are keeping their "Christian" armies standing lest one "Christian" nation will get the start of the other in advancing the "cause of Christ" in dark continents by more successfully stealing from the benighted natives the land God has given them. Is there not a more excellent way? If the "cause of the Christ" calls for and justifies this awful expenditure, the pleading of the Jesus, "Love one another," and the exhortation of the Buddha, "Be gentle and be kind," point in another direction.

As Flies the Bird.

As flies the bird at eventide,
Swift homing to its nest,
So, in the hour when shadows bide,
I'll seek my Father's breast.

Fierce storms may bend the sheltering bough,
And sorrows o'er me sweep—
I'll trust my Father then, as now,
Who bird and child doth keep.

—*Helen Hawthorne.*

Memory Work in Sunday-Schools.

The meeting recently devoted to this topic by the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools brought

out two of its able speakers, one being Rev. J. S. Thomson of Unity Church, and the other Miss Juniata Stafford, superintendent of the North Side Sunday Ethical School.

Mr. Thomson's talk, which was entitled, "Memorizing Biblical Data," was briefly as follows: "Memory used to be urged for the study of scriptural matters, but to-day that is not common. It is curious how in this century and even in the our churches we are critical before we really have something to criticise. We need not only education—the drawing out—but also instruction, the putting in of something from which we can build. The first thing that I had to learn regarding the Bible when a child was the number and order of the books of the Bible, 66 in all; being compelled to learn them whether I wanted to or not, I grouped them and thereby learned them in the course of a year and a half. I also used to group other parts of biblical matter, such as some of the many gems which the old testament has for our memory. Take the ten commandments for instance; these I counted off on my fingers until I am now thoroughly grounded in them; before I was nine years old I had to learn 35 psalms and these were but a part of the fine things that we were to commit. Take the song of Zacharias, or the song of the angels at Christ's birth, or the two great commandments, which are a good thing for every child to have in his memory. Then the Lord's prayer, which is like "My Country' or 'The Star Spangled Banner,' why should it not be studied? It has seven beautiful things which you can associate with the seven days of the week. There is the name, the kingdom, the will, the bread, the protection, the forgiveness and the doxology. Or, take the Sermon on the Mount; every Christian child should know it as a heart thing, its three chapters and 111 verses are not so formidable when you learn them by groups. First there are the nine beatitudes which I learned by associating each with one of the rooms in our nine-room house. Next there are the three examples: first, that some people are the salt of the earth; second, that we are the light of the world (though we seem to be side-tracked from that at present), and last that there is the law.

"Then take the apostles, James, the salt of the twelve, John, the light of the world, and Peter, the lover of the Hebrew law. The other nine you can associate with the nine beatitudes and thus help to memorize them. Last there comes the thirteen precepts, a whole baker's dozen. We learned them by taking one each week, and thus committed them all in a quarter. When you have learned these 111 verses you will have a great stock of knowledge in them. The people who have not such a fund of knowledge have nothing within from which to build up. They may claim to be very liberal, but still have their minds empty of the great spiritual truths from which they may want to draw quite often. You cannot get any nineteenth century statement more sacred, more profound or more prophetic than many of our Bible passages. A mind furnished with such selections is not apt to grow lopsided, as a man is sure to become if he neglects one phase of his nature. The child may get only the outlines of the psalm, but experience will fill up these outlines.

"Again, no matter how much money you have in your bank, you will still want a change account with you in your pocket. Our treasures in the memory are our ready change which we need to have with us in addition to the banks of literary treasures which we may have easy of access at our homes. Jesus himself showed the importance of this when tempted in the wilderness by having scriptural quotations ready to strengthen him and to quote to the tempter. So, too, we can apply the gems that we place in our memory to the trials that we meet in our everyday life until they become a comfort and a joy to us."

ALBERT. S.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it, and conquering it.—*Richter.*

Ethics in Modern Fiction.

The books of the hour are by many pronounced degenerate, but a close study proves this a misjudgment. Within the past ten years, even, there has been manifest a remarkable tendency toward presenting problems, portraying struggles and teaching great moral truths.

It is not the discussion of sin that constitutes or promotes crime, but the treatment of it as attractive and clever, or the veiling of it in "suggestive" literature.

The Anthony Comstock class of critics confuse frankness and lack of prudery in modern expression with immorality. Along these lines the French school (and, incidentally, the French character) is unjustly condemned. Lively temperament and distaste for Puritan régime, with its utter want of the æsthetic, is not necessarily a lack of high moral sense or refinement. The strongest moral force in the literature of the past century is "Les Miserables," whose author is a Frenchman. The blessed Balzac is beautifully and simply moral, his "Seraphita" rising to the sublime. Most of the acknowledged high French writers are delicately artistic, with scarcely a touch of the sensuous and none of immorality. Zola is vulgar, rather than a bad moralist. He treats of a class of people whose life is barren, ignorant and governed by the passions.

Tolstoi and modern authors like Zangwill often come under the ban, because they refuse to "patch fig leaves for the naked truth," yet in their strong, comprehensive view of life they are no more immoral than is nature herself!

The question, whether in art, literature or life, ever resolves itself into the old division of mental types, Hebraic and Hellenic.

The sunny isles of Greece, "where burning Sappho loved and sang," could give only beauty, philosophy, sweetness and light. They were highly artistic, but immoral.

The Hebrews, who gave a great religion to the world, were stern, lofty, merciless, intellectual, rather than cultured and ultra-moral. The modern ideal, which strives to express itself in life and letters is a perfect consummation of the two, or a selection of the best in each.

The great movement of the Anglo-Saxon race is toward the solving of moral problems. There is a new spirit of investigation, an eagerness toward social questions, labor and woman problems, never before felt so keenly.

With this comes a great reaction from false modesty, tyranny, fear, bigotry, intolerance. The watchword is freedom—freedom of the press, of speech, of thought.

Religious questions formerly were under a ban. No one dared turn the searchlight of truth and scientific

investigation upon them. Why and wherefore were prohibited. But the infancy of inquiry is passed.

At first all were cowards, then men ventured into the field of search. Now women timidly thrust their heads into the sunlight, until even youths begin to demand opportunity to think and read for themselves, that they may discriminate.

This is the day of individuality. Will the pendulum swing back? Have we gone too far? Is literature overstepping bounds, and growing morbid?

English writers, especially women, are startling the world by discussions of socialism, marriage, divorce. They are breaking down prejudice and precedent, wiping out forms, going too far to please the normal mind, yet getting at good results through iconoclasm.

Among the extreme modern authors is Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who created a ripple with her social, personal and religious novel, "Robert Elsemere." In this two young people. with high aspirations, mutual love, and apparently everything in common, wreck their wedded life by religious intolerance and sect—fanaticism. Curiously, this same denominational destroyer of happiness is brought out, in a contemporary novel, "John Ward, Preacher," both books being original, and each written in ignorance of the other.

Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" takes up English tenant systems and deals with poverty and philanthrophy. The heroine, an earnest crank, marries a lord, of great conservatism, but also better balance.

Sarah Grand is an extremist. Her "Heavenly Twins" is coarse and exaggerated, but it fearlessly wades into the mire and discusses society marriages. Shall a young girl marry a roué, and in how far is she permitted to inquire into his past?

Such books show great psychopathic activities, and too much delineation of the physical side of life. In the wake of these studies came a train of trashy novels, bearing upon the subject of marriage, whose men were figureheads and women high-strung, "horsey" creatures, wholly abnormal and impossible.

Of a high type in problematical literature are the works of George Meredith and Henry James.

Meredith sustains the most unusual and startlingly intellectual conversations between his characters imaginable. Perhaps people talk so in England! His men and women scintillate, analyze, philosophize, but they are of strong passions as well as intellects. The woman, in spite of her analytical mind, marries in haste, and repents through five hundred pages of leisure! Before the book ends, however, she has at least one more husband, and a Platonic friend or so, whose giant mind strikes sparks from her own. In the famous "Diana of the Crosswavs" the personal problem seems to be marital selection, presenting three types—"Marriage du Convenance," selection from passionate attraction, selection from cool, intellectual friendship.

The balance of power is thrown upon the last, although to do her justice, she experiments in all three.

"The Ordeal of Richard Feveril" presents the question, "In what does youthful education consist?" It is a comprehensive and humorous study of the training of youth. In spite of parental solicitude and supervision of every thought, the eighteen-year-old hero elopes with a pure, charming creature of bourgeous parents. The father of Richard, pursuing a relentless course and separating the youthful couple, Richard, the exquisite, is ruined by a siren in society and falls into despairing remorse.

"The Egoist" deals with the unconscious tyranny of the self-centered mind, that draws into a vortex all who come in contact with its strong will. Not a conventional villain, but with many charms, the hero shows the peculiar blind power of irresistible selfishness.

Henry James, in common with Meredith, but in a more extreme degree, drags out his interminable theories into "words, works, words," until human patience threatens to snap under the strain.

The divorce problem, and its bearing upon children deprived of a normal home-life, is most marvelously developed in "What Maisie Knew."

One is conducted through such labyrinths of social sin that he marvels that child Maisie "knew" anything at all! If the book be a fair exposé of English society of to-day, the student must go to Paris for a refreshing glimpse of morality and domesticity! However, all such investigation, if not too unhealthy, must have an upward tendency, if only by portraying conditions as they exist.

Thomas Hardy and Hall Caine have become immensely popular, although avowed moralists. Hardy does not consider people above the peasantry worth studying and wades fearlessly into the bog of their ignorance and passions. We have learned so much of those throbbing country hearts that we bow before each rude rustic, lest we be entertaining unawares some tragic Tess! Whatever the narrow or conservative may believe regarding literary discussions of forbidden topics, it would seem that no open-minded person could read "Tess of the D'Ubervilles" without being strongly moved by the injustice of the double standard and suffering for all misused womanhood, as exemplified in Tess. There is positive agony in the very reality and hideousness of this theme, and intelligent, feeling readers must experience a propelling force toward bettering social conditions, that there may be fewer Alecs and fewer Tesses! "Jude, the Obscure" has been ostracized. It is unnecessarily horrible, yet not intentionally immoral. It destroys the institution of marriage and offers nothing in its stead. Neither the hero nor heroine has any vicious tendencies, but a lawless, restless nature, that chafes at form, social or religious. They are lacking in ballast and mistake unconventionality for freedom. The remarkable character study is the delineation of the woman's self-compulsory step back into the bonds of custom. Dragged down by poverty and every human misery, with only love remaining, she voluntarily renounces that and assumes most galling chains. The story is of a distorted, but not wicked, life.

Hardy draws no alluring picture of vice. He realizes that sin is death, but disagrees with the conventional verdict as to the definition of sin.

No! he is not immoral, but he deals too largely with the physical aspect. His characters, like those of Hall Caine, would be surprised should they be told that love is not passion!

Caine is essentially and painfully a moralist. He writes his books in his own blood. The old strain of the Christian martyr dominates his ideals. His men strive toward a God, who is revealed to them and exacts much! They have fierce, ungoverned natures which they subdue. They sin and pay a blood penalty. In "The Manxman" there is the old problem of the sexes; also a fine contrast between refined (moral) weakness, and illiterate (moral) strength, as embodied in Philip and Peter. "The Bondman," a murderer, becomes a hermit and does penance, looking not upon the face of man.

"The Christian (that much preached-of novel!) deals with the problems of to-day, and all time. The fate of two strong individualities, without a thought or aspiration in common, yet powerfully attracted by something they call love, is tossed on the waves of conflicting desires. The efforts of enthusiastic youth, regret-

ting that he has only one life to give for humanity and learning that he is as a child who tries to check the ocean; the heroine's struggle from the slums to high professional life upon a London stage; the final conflict between religious fanaticism and insane infatuation of the hero for the heroine, ending in his fall—these are the struggles in "The Christian." This book has been criticized as offering no solution. What solution, during these millions of years, from jellyfish to high humanity, have we found to life?

That book is true which enunciates great principles or paints facts, not rounds up theories and solves unsolvable riddles! The Sunday-school books that always rewarded virtue and punished vice in material ways, misrepresented life, and were truly immoral. How severe is the reaction of the small boy when he is no longer small and learns he has been deceived?

There has sprung up, recently, a revival of Christian feeling, finding expression in such works as "Quo Vadis."

Henri Sienkiewitz takes us "slumming" in high Roman society and treats us to much suggestive description of Nero banquets. We are fearfully harrowed at the possible dangers to that human angel, the heroine, and we see before us the transformation of a sensualist into an exalted Christian martyr, in the person of the hero. The author does his best, but his feat is unnatural and impossible. Love works wonders, but it needs a foundation. It would take at least four generations of struggling, aspiring, self-suppressing men to bring about the evolution of this superman from the beast!

Sienkiewitz is a genius; he does it in one ponderous volume!

The book is a strong religious plea and thrills many a pagan heart in these Christian times and countries.

A less heavy, but a thoroughly artistic book, is Harold Frederick's "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

Clever sketches abound of old-time Methodism, of Catholic infidelism and the alluring mysteries of Pagan art and culture that entice the poor, weak minister. The moral touches are not at all didactic and most true. They portray the almost inseparable good and evil in all experiences that led Faust's Marguerite to exclaim:

> "Yet all that led my heart thereto,
> God; was so good, so pure, so true!"

After Theron has lost his self-respect, his wife's confidence and all sense of honor, he is met by the cool disdain and contempt of the red-haired siren and the Catholic priest! And so he tries from that world-wide delusion to escape himself by seeking new fields and pastures new, and his wife dutifully goes with him, but it is for loyalty's own sake, for confidence and love are dead—and Theron is, in truth, damned!

These are but a few types of hundreds of books annually springing into being, all with an ethical trend, whether or not a purpose is intended or expressed. There are the F. Hopkins Smith types, glorifying rough labor, the Tourgée theories of Christian socialism! There are stories of children, of animals, of slums and factory life. There are peasant and plutocrat, the ignorant and the illustrious, and in all, the new woman (the same as of old, with enlarged opportunities) predominates.

Who shall say we are degenerating in literature? Let him study the books of to-day, outside of sociology, of theology, of essays, merely in the realm of entertaining literature, fiction, he will find a deep undercurrent of healthy ethics that speaks well as a sign of the times!

WINIFRED HARPER.

Washington, D. C.

Good Poetry.

My Kingdom in the Clouds.

I.

I sat and gazed into the burning sky
Where, like some dying king, the parting day,
In calm majestic prescience of decay,
Lighted his pyre that he a king might die.
And I, whose thought upsoars on wider wings,
Since thy pure soul has breathed into my life
A quickened kinship with diviner things—
I builded there, remote from din and strife,
A spacious solitude, where thou and I
Might reign untroubled by the pace of time.
How with thy fleetest wish the cloud would thrill
And, like some sweet, unmeditated rhyme,
Bend with melodious impulse to thy will!
And I, strong in thy love, unquailingly
Would greet the gaze of dread eternity.

If the Rose Could Speak.

II.

Within the rose I found a trembling tear,
Close curtained in a gloom of crimson night
By tender petals from the outer light.
I plucked the flower and held it to my ear,
And thought within its fervid breast to hear
A smothered heart-beat throbbing soft and low.
I heard its busy life-blood gently flow,
Now far away and now so strangely near.
Ah, thought I, if these silent lips of flame
Could be unsealed and fling into the air
Their woe, their passion, and in speech proclaim
Their warm intoxication of despair;—
Then would I give the rose into thy hand;
Thou couldst its voice, beloved, not withstand.

—*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*

Ichabod.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not,—the tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now.
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone, from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead frame;
Walks backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

—*John G. Whittier.*

The Pulpit.

Demanded—A Wiser Patriotism.

A Sunday Evening Lecture at Fuller Opera House, Madison, Wis., by William Day Simonds.

(Stenographically Reported.)

An ancient philosopher once entered a Grecian city and loudly called for men. When certain of the populace had gathered about him he turned his back upon them, exclaiming: "I called for MEN, not pigmies."

I suggest as the foundation thought of this lecture that the hour demands men, not pigmies; in all our official stations, from president to constable, men, able, wise, true-hearted. In all public positions, at the head of our school system, in control of our great journals, in our pulpits—wherever men assume to lead or mold public thought, wherever they hold the reins of power—the hour demands

"Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

Some of our thinkers and speakers are oppressed by a foolish fear, namely, that patriotism, the great sentiment of patriotism, will fail us. That men will cease to love their country and be willing to die for it. This fear is wholly unwarranted. "I never understood," said a foreigner, "how you Americans love your country until I heard an American audience sing your national hymn. Why, there is nothing like it the round world over. Nothing like the way Americans sing, 'My Country 'tis of Thee.'" Never, in any land in modern times, was the sentiment of patriotism wanting. Napoleon so well knew that he could depend upon the Frenchman's love of his country that he turned that sentiment into a scourge. More than once England's politicians have enlisted the sentiment of patriotism in the service of wrong because they well knew that that sentiment would support them, right or wrong, if the country's interests seemed to be involved; and in the days before the great rebellion crafty politicians of the South talked of the "dear southland," of "Old Virginia," of "Fair Kentucky," of the "Groves of Alabama"—well knowing that the love of the common man for his birthplace, his fireside, would support them in their dream of empire, and of rebellion against the national government.

There is little danger that love of home and native land will ever fail us. A hundred years ago and more, men died at Saratoga and at Yorktown, and on a score of battlefields for the young nation. No less bravely men died six and thirty years ago at Gettysburg, and no less bravely did the soldiers, without orders, march toward certain death last year at Santiago. You can depend upon the sentiment of patroitism. You need give yourself never an anxious moment. But what is demanded is that the sentiment be enlightened, wisely directed, nobly led. We need not patriotism holding a gun, but patriotism wise enough and brave enough to cast a clean, honest, and intelligent ballot. We need in America a patriotism wise enough to grapple with the gravest questions that ever confronted any people. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that in all human history no nation under heaven was ever confronted with so many serious problems as confront Americans at this hour. To some of these problems, hurriedly, but I hope suggestively, I will call your attention.

The first of these great problems is presented to your thought in the statement that we are living in a new world. The conditions that confront us are new to the human family. They have never been solved by the human race. Wise Socrates never considered such problems, nor did Plato in his "Ideal Republic" grapple with such difficulties. The wisest, bravest, noblest men of all the past never faced such questions as confront us.

A great orator said recently of Shakespeare: "When we try to speak of Shakespeare it seems like attempting to grasp a globe so large the hand obtains no hold." So, when we confront the new problems of this new era, they are so large that the mind appears not to grasp them.

The application of steam to industry has created for us a new world. Once all the work of the world was done by men. Now it is done by men and machines. And day by day the machine is coming to be the more important factor in the work. It is supposed that the machinery in the three or four great civilized nations of the world performs the work of 550 millions of able-bodied men. It is stated that the mechanical power in America is three and one-half times the power of each man. That is, for each worker, we have three and one-half mechanical slaves, and for every average family there are fourteen of these tireless workers who never go on a strike, who never demand greater wages, who can resist nothing, ask nothing, plead nothing—but work ceaselessly on; fourteen for each family in the nation. This gives us a new world of industry. The man is no longer the independent factor. He is a dependent factor—dependent upon the machine—or rather upon the man who owns the machine. Let me try to impress it upon your thought how new this is. You have heard the legend of the "Wandering Jew," that disciple of Jesus, concerning whom the Old World taught that he could never know death until Christ came to judge the world. That deathless Jew wandered from century to century, down through the early ages, through the night of the middle ages, down to the very border of our own century, but nothing could have come within the range of his vision so marvelous as that which you could show him in any great workshop in this country. Let us enter in thought. Here are 500 men under one roof, or in a series of buildings adjacent to each other. They are standing by machines, these silent workers. Those machines are owned not by the men who man them, but by capital represented by one or two men sitting yonder in the office, or perhaps not in the buildings at all. The owner does not know these men. To him they are "hands." They are human toilers. One stroke of his pen and any man at any machine must leave his work and pass out into the world to do and get what he can. A station of absolute dependence, and the only possible hope of security, so the laborer thinks, is by combining with fellow laborers, so that the discharge of one, or the lockout of one shall be the lockout of all. Hence arise new problems that never confronted the world before. Organized labor on the one hand, organized capital on the other, their interests often appearing to clash. Now, as the only possible remedy, government assumes the right to say to labor, "You must work under such and such conditions," and to capital, "You must provide such and such fair and equitable rights and conditions for labor."

But here a new problem arises: Give government power enough to control labor organizations on the one hand, and trusts, corporations and syndicates on the other—what is to prevent that government from becoming itself the worst tyranny which human history has known? Here, then, is your problem, to make government so wise, your laws so just, secure representatives so able that you can trust to government this inevitable problem of securing justice between labor and capital, and equity for all men. Is it not a problem calculated to make you thoughtful in every discharge of the duties of citizenship?

But this is only the beginning of the story. Here in America we have a gigantic problem presented to us in the nature of our people. We are seventy millions

strong. O, how splendid that sounds! Seventy millions of us! If you do not look too closely upon these seventy millions you might imagine we could govern the world. But if you look upon these seventy millions carefully you grow serious. Eight millions or more are negroes, recently slaves, nine-tenths of them ignorant; a million and a half of them voting, or supposed to vote—when the shotgun doesn't prevent it. They cannot read the ballots they cast. In the southern states two millions of absolutely ignorant voters—both of whites and blacks who cannot read and cannot write. It is said that by nineteen hundred we shall have forty millions of foreigners in this country. That is, forty millions of foreigners, or the children of foreigners of the first generation. Now, I have not a word to say against foreigners, not the first word. The last man who came to this country, so far as I can see, had just as good a right to come as the first man, just exactly; the same right to earn his bread here if able to do so as any who preceded him. Nevertheless, the problem is serious. For here we have all the races of the world—English, Irish, German, Scandinavian, Italian. In New York City you can hear every langauge under Heaven, and in most of our large cities the foreign-born, or the foreigners one generation removed, are already in the majority. Now, it takes time to make the best human material into good American citizens. This is not done as rapidly as you think. Two years before Wisconsin became a state one hundred Swiss settled in a certain county. To-day they number over a thousand people, but their boast is that there is not a Yankee within six miles of the original dugout. There are great tracts of land even in our western country, and there are villages, communities, townships in Wisconsin where an English word is scarcely uttered from the beginning of the year to the end. Little foreign municipalities in the midst of this great country. In the cities the same is true. You can go into the Irish, German, Scandinavian, Bohemian or Jewish quarter, and I can walk with you through streets of Chicago where you will rarely see a white face, but black faces of all sizes and exceedingly numerous. Not so soon as you imagine do the very best of our immigrants learn American laws and usages, or the principles of our government.

A witness was brought into a court in New York not long since, born in the city, but it was necessary to procure an interpreter, so that his testimony might be given. Some years ago a man was examined for the police force in New York. Being asked to name five of the six New England states he answered: "England, Wales, Ireland, Cork and Belfast, begorrah!" Another was asked to give some account of Abraham Lincoln, and he answered: "Abraham Lincoln was president of the Southern Confederacy and was shot by Ballington Booth."

This is Americanism for you. Now, we need not blind our eyes to the fact that a great problem confronts us in the amalgamation of so many races into one grand American people. For one, I believe in it. Under right conditions it is the supreme struggle of the human race. I want to see the magnificent coming American, having in his veins the best blood of all the races and all the virtues of all the men who have lived. But it requires statesmanship, wise patriotism, the best social conditions, to mold these men, these races, into the great coming American people.

And then we have another very pretty problem on our hands in the number and condition of our great cities. It is a fact that in all the past, cities have overweighted the nations, often one great city becoming too strong in its vices for the virtue or the virility of the country. Ancient Rome conquered Italy before the barbarians. Ancient Athens conquered Greece before the Macedonians. Paris has more than once jeopardized France, and more than once it has taken all the sturdy English yeomanry to hold London in place. But we have in America fifty cities that may all be called large, and by 1920, just a quarter of a century ahead, so statisticians say, the great cities will absolutely rule the country. Only twenty-five years ahead the vote of New York City will absolutely decide issues in the empire state. Only a quarter of a century ahead the vote of Chicago will compel Illinois to accept whatever she shall will. And I ask you to think in connection with this fact that within the last ten years, whenever the question has been raised in any large city, between good government and bad government, between vice controlled and vice triumphant, between a clean, well-equipped, well-ordered city and what is called a "wide-open" city, the great municipalities of this country have voted wrong. I do not recall an exception in the last ten years. New York, Chicago and the rest of our great cities have voted for bad government, and dirty streets, and vicious policies, almost without exception. Now, what does that mean a quarter of a century hence, when the city rules the state?

I have one more problem to present before coming to some that are altogether new.

I am not—if I know myself—a temperance crank, and I have gotten over, completely over, calling my neighbors thieves, and rascals, and drunkards because they don't agree with me. But one thing makes me anxious, and I do not care what your business is or what your habits are, if you will think of it for ten minutes it will make you anxious, and that is the political power of the licensed saloon. There are eight thousand such saloons in New York City. They claim to control forty thousand votes. Now, forty thousand votes in a lump under the control even of a perfectly legitimate and beneficial business would be dangerous, but when you and I know that the influence of these places is not for the best interests of human society—rather for the damage and danger of the republic—then when you know that six thousand saloons in Chicago control thirty thousand votes, you realize that the saloon controls the city. Here is your problem twenty-five years hence: The city controls the state, the saloon controls the city. Now, who is master? You see where you are. My friends, the man in this day and age who is not thinking seriously upon these great problems is not worthy of his citizenship. Give me not pigmies in this day, but give me men!

One year ago I could have told you that the industrial problem, the problem of great cities, the race question, the problem presented by the political power of the saloon—that these were all, practically, with which we had to deal. We were here alone where God placed us—great oceans rolling between us and any formidable foe—here in America to work out our destiny, build our own civilization, and under Heaven's shining sun, perfect an order of society the grandest the world had ever known. Within a twelvemonth all is changed. The Spanish-American war has been full of surprises. It was a surprise when it came. It was a surprise in the men it developed, and in easy victories quickly won. We didn't know ourselves the vast difference between the citizen and the peasant. The public school conquered Spain, and sunk her fleets. Let us not forget it. More than all, we were surprised at the problems on our hands. We, virtuous Americans, made war without thought of conquest. Our mission was to free perishing humanity, and when we had accomplished that we would fold our arms and thank God. But—what a strange conclusion—we have Cuba! We have Porto Rico. We are fighting for the Philippines. More serious than all, we have a new dream, a new national ideal. Disguise the matter as we may, we have crossed the Rubicon—that river of destiny. The old republic is already dead. A new imperial America is here. The

central aim of the republic was to win a continent and dedicate it to liberty and equality. The central aim of imperial America is the conquest of new territory in the interest of trade expansion. The republic was unique among the nations of the earth, a land apart, a government whose corner-stone was the right of the people to make their own laws and choose their own rulers. Our new America is an imitation, a copy, of imperial England. We enter the arena and strive with other nations for the mastery of the world. Our fathers fought to establish a principle—the right of self-government. We fight in violation of that principle to secure control of the Philippines, preparatory to larger work later on as a world power. Why this ideal should commend itself to our people it is difficult to understand. The history of imperialism is the darkest stain on our century's story.

When the history of England is written by some great son of the Brown Race, when the long story of the so-called planting of English civilization is written, as it will yet be written, we shall find that orator was not far out of the way who said that the march of English civilization was as follows: First, the missionary with Bibles and tracts, teaching the people our religion; then, the peddler with his pack and trinkets and bits of glass, who for these trinkets and bits of glass buys the poor heathen's patrimony. By and by the heathen rebels; then comes the tramp of the English soldier. The heathen is driven away and English civilization is established. When the day comes that the hidden facts, the under-tow of the work of British domination in Ireland is written, written to the full, we shall have less to say about the "masterly colonial policy of the mother country." Do you want to imitate the government of foreign nations on the Congo? Here is what a devoted missionary writes of the manner in which we are civilizing that country: "We send one missionary, then seventy gallons of rum; a second missionary, seventy gallons more of rum; another missionary, then seventy gallons more, and so on—rum and missionaries, and missionaries and rum. That is the way we convert the Congo. One convert to Christian civilization, a hundred drunkards; one more convert to Christian civilization, another hundred drunkards. Under the influence of intoxicating liquor sent from Massachusetts two hundred of the people of the Congo slaughtered each other in a single day, and fifty (soldiers) were killed. Judas sold his Lord for seventeen dollars and America commits fifty soldiers to the bar of God for ninety cents." I do not wonder that an intelligent pagan said to a great audience at the Parliament of Religions, "Take your Bibles, take your missionaries, take your schools out of my country forever if you will only take with them the curse of rum and opium—curses you forced upon us, one at least, at the mouth of the canon."

We have tried our hand at civilizing dependent peoples. We have civilized the Indians nearly off the face of the earth. Thirty years ago we bought Alaska. Then all along that eighteen hundred miles of Alaskan coast were a simple but happy people, living on the abundant game of that country. Happy under Russian autocratic rule, happy with their Greek church, and savage life, asking nothing more. Because of our failure to provide a stable government, lawless and grasping trade corporations ruled the land until, says David Starr Jordan, all along that eighteen hundred miles of Alaskan coast the poor people are facing actual starvation and are in deeper degradation by far than thirty years ago. That is our career up to date as an imperialistic nation. Now, I do not say we must relinquish Porto Rico, and Cuba, and the Philippines, but I do say that if the old military carpet-bag regime is to come again, we will live to curse the hour the flag was planted on Santiago, or the hour that Dewey sunk the Spanish ships in Manila harbor. And if we gain these new possessions at the expense of treason to the great principle of self-government, we shall yet call our victories curses, every one. In the present peril, then, I call for men, not pigmies. Men in Cuba who love God and liberty. Men in the far Philippines who are true to the flag and true to every principle of righteousness.

Shall we fail? I devoutly trust not. I do not care so much how widely our flag shall wave over the globe as that it shall be everywhere symbolic of liberty and justice, of peace and prosperity. I follow the fortunes of that flag sometimes in thought. How hazardous it all seemed when the ragged soldiers of Washington fought under that then despised "rag of rebellion." How hazardous when fifty men gathered five years after the Revolution, and formed our American constitution! How hazardous when Washington, underneath its folds, swore allegiance to the government as its first president! How hazardous when men struggled in all the southland to decide whether that flag should remain a national emblem! And so the future may seem ominous to us in these strange days, but it is still my faith that the flag which conquered at Yorktown and at Appomattox will gain and hold its place among the nations of the world, symbolic not of power merely, not of treachery, not of cruelty, but of liberty and righteousness.

The Indian Problem.

(The following extract from a private letter of a teacher of a government Indian school in North Dakota to the manager of the magazine mission in connection with All Souls Church, Chicago, will be of interest to our readers.)

Your question as to the fate of Carlisle graduates is very apropos in view of the struggle I am having to induce some parents to part with their children to send them to Haskell. The graduate who returns to his tribe generally becomes part of the tribe again. He is just like the rest, only more so. There is excellent reason for this, too. He goes to school in a fine building, he has everything furnished, he has all the requisites for cleanliness, he learns a trade, using good tools and all the necessary machinery. He graduates and goes home. He finds a tepee or log house, nothing to wash with or in, except a creek or pond, no chairs, no table, no tools when he would work. He thinks that to be civilized he must have just what he had at school. He knows it is impossible for him to get such things. Hence, he goes back to the ways of his ancestors. Do you blame him?

He has no reserve force of heredity to urge him to do his best under the circumstances, so he quits. But it will not be so hard to get him to allow his children to go to school, and in the course of some generations the evolutionary effect of education may be apparent. Of course, the idea is to send the graduates to other tribes than their own. They make good under-employes in many capacities in different schools, but do not seem to be able to take charge of an enterprise. * * * I have lived on the frontier most of my life, but never really among the "savages" till the last three years, and I am not in close contact with them now. All my pupils are mixed bloods. The full-bloods, with few exceptions, do not live on the reservation. They are not Catholics, and object to associating with them. A teacher's business is to get the Indian to study the ways of civilization, and I am not sure that the result would be reached any more surely if I first learned the ways of the savage. * * * Seriously, though, I do enjoy our work and I think it is having a little effect. I have taught them to keep their finger-nails clean. One boy has learned to take care of his horse properly. Several know enough to knock on the door when they come to the house. Can anyone sing "Sweet and Low" or "Those Evening Bells" and not be better for a few minutes?

The Study Table.

Robert Browning at His Best.

1. HIS NOBLEST TEN POEMS.
2. HIS BEST FIFTY POEMS.

A Browning class in Rochester, N. Y., after three years' study of the poet, was asked to select his noblest ten, and his best fifty, poems. "The noblest; that is, most invigorating to you;" "the best by the double test of poetic form and spiritual content."

The "noblest ten," according to twenty-five lists handed in, were as follows:

		No. of Votes.
1.	Saul	24
2.	Rabbi Ben Ezra	24
3.	The Ring and the Book (Caponsacchi Pompelia, the Pope)	19
4.	Abt Vogler	17
5.	Paracelsus	12
6.	Pippa Passes	11
7.	Prospice	10
8.	Apparent Failure	10
9.	La Saisiaz	9
10.	Epilogue to Asolando	8

Eleven lists ranked "Saul" first, of which six put "Rabbi Ben Ezra" second. Six had the "Rabbi" first, of which three had "Saul" second.

On two lists "The Ring and the Book" stood first; on one list, "Prospice;" and on one, "Pippa Passes."

The "best fifty," according to twenty lists handed in:

	No. of Votes.
Saul	20
Rabbi Ben Ezra	
The Ring and the Book (parts named above)	
Abt Vogler	19
Paracelsus	
Pippa Passes	18
A Death in the Desert	
My Star	
Balaustion	17
Fra Lippo Lippi	
Prospice	
By the Fireside	
In a Balcony	
A Grammarian's Funeral	16
Apparent Failure	
Andrea del Sarto	
Epilogue to Asolando	
A Blot in the 'Scutcheon	15
Luria	
La Saisiaz	
Bishop Blougram's Apology	14
Epistle of Karshish	
My Last Duchess	
Cleon	13
Caliban upon Setebos	
Reverie	
Evelyn Hope	
Instans Tyrannus	
The Last Ride Together	
The Flight of the Duchess	
Christmas Eve and Easter Day	
The Statue and the Bust	12
The Bishop Orders his Tomb	
Childe Roland	
Rephan	11
Hervé Riel	
Ixion	
Colombe's Birthday	10
One Word More	
James Lee's Wife	
Ferishtah's Fancies (or parts)	9
Two in the Campagna	
Ivan Ivanovitch	
Pictor Ignotus	
A Soul's Tragedy	8
The Guardian Angel	
Apparitions	
The Boy and the Angel	
Old Pictures in Florence	
The Lost Leader	7
Cristina	
A Forgiveness	
How they Brought the Good News	
Love among the Ruins	
How it Strikes a Contemporary	
Meeting at Night	
Parting at Morning	

The above make forty-nine. For the fiftieth place there were eight rivals, as follows:

In the London Browning Society Papers, Part XII, a similar plébiscite among English readers is reported. A comparison is interesting, although the principles of selection in the two cases were different. In England the aim was to find "the fifty shorter poems of Browning best suited for inclusion in a shilling volume of selections;" the standard being, (1) shortness, (2) poems complete in themselves, not extracts, (3) poems "for the people, not for the elect Browningite" (4) poems specially representative of the poet's genius and thought. The first "Ten" poems selected under these conditions were:

1. How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.
2. Evelyn Hope.
3. Abt Vogler. Saul.
5. Rabbi Ben Ezra.
6. The Lost Leader.
7. The Pied piper of Hamelin.
8. Prospice.
9. Hervé Riel.
10. Andrea del Sarto.

Only four of these are among our "Ten."

Comparing the two "Fifties"—or, rather, for the reason given above, the two "Forty-nines"—twenty-four of the English list are upon ours, twenty-five not. But no less than fourteen of ours are barred from the English competition by reason of length.

Should we add to the Rochester choice the twenty-five other poems included in England, a list would result covering well Browning's "best," as estimated both "for the people" and for the Browningite Brahmin. We give, therefore, these twenty-five. As five of them happen to appear among the rivals for that fiftieth place on our home-list above, we have seventy-seven poems in all for "Browning at Best."

How They Brought the Good News.
The Lost Leader.
The Pied Piper.
Home Thoughts from Abroad.
Any Wife to Any Husband.
Incident of the French Camp.
Love among the Ruins.
A Forgiveness.
A Woman's Last Word.
Count Gismond..
In a Gondola.
The Patriot.
A Tocata of Galuppi's.
The Worst of It.
Youth and Art.
Cristina.
Clive.
Confessions.
Summum Bonum.
After.
Holy Cross Day.
The Italian in England.
Up at a Villa.
Before.
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.

It will not do to compare such preferences as these with Robert Browning's own selections made, the first series, of seventy-one poems, in 1872, and the second, of fifty-six more, in 1880; partly because our poet lived until 1889, and in those last nine years published five fresh books of verse; but still more because he takes pains in a preface to warn us that he does not care to pronounce upon what he himself may consider the best of his poetry. "I adopt another principle," he says: "by simply stringing together certain pieces on the thread of an imaginary personality, I present them in succession, rather as the natural development of a particular experience than because I account them the most noteworthy portion of my work."

But it may be of interest to report Browning's "four dips" in answer to an inquiry, made on behalf of a compiler of a volume of poetical selections, as to which of his poems should be chosen first:

March 15, 1885.

"My Dear Gosse:—Your 'poems of moderate length, which represent their author fairly,' if I knew what 'moderation' exactly meant, the choice would be easier. Let me say, at a venture,—Lyrical: 'Saul' or 'Abt Vogler.' Narrative: 'A Forgiveness.' Dramatic: 'Caliban upon Setebos.' Idyllic (in the Greek sense: 'Clive.' Which means that, being restricted to four dips in the lucky bag, I should not object to be judged by these samples, so far as they go; for there is somewhat behind still." W. C. G.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

The Anglo-Saxon world fairly includes, not only America and England, with her dependencies, but also Germany. It will be highly satisfactory to students of history and racial development to discern that the present drift is toward the most cordial union of Germany with England and the United States. We shall probably be able to work together in the great tidal movements which close the nineteenth and open the twentieth century. What we need is a railroad through the whole length of Africa; another along the spine of the American continent; a Nicaragua canal; cables across the Pacific, and a grand preparation for a forward movement of the higher civilization. Nor need any one of the peoples be jealous of the others. In "American Review of Reviews" you will follow these lines of evolution.

The "Century" for April has no article of more fascinating importance than that entitled, "Absolute Zero." This is a discussion of the new discovery whereby air may be liquefied and used to advance civilization almost beyond the dreams of poets. The article closes by saying: "Some think they can foresee the day when the power, stored in these abysses of cold, will enable men to do that which is now looked upon as impossible." The articles on Franklin continue to be fascinating reading.

In the "Atlantic," if you wish to note the higher moral purpose of civilization—a purpose which is penetrating our own nation, and England most thoroughly, read "The Growth of the British Colonial Conception," the best article of this number.

A curious article is laid upon the Table by the Louisville "Courier Journal" headed, "What Shall the Democratic Party Do to be Saved?" It is written by the veteran editor, Henry Waterson. He would accept the verdict of the people concerning the currency and the Spanish war and the elevation of the American Union into a world power. And now, he lays down the following platform of domestic policies: "First, the destruction of combinations of capital designed to limit production, to raise property and to promote monopoly. Second, the raising of the public moneys by taxes fairly divided between production and consumption, beginning with a tariff for revenue only and ending in an income tax oppressive to no class or interest. Third, the recovery to the people of all the franchises belonging to the people, but diverted from public to private uses, by the purchase of corporations and individuals, corruptly working through state and municipal legislatures. Fourth, such a reorganization and reform of our judicial system as will remove the courts further from the influence of the rich and make them more accessible to the poor—a result not to be reached by excited appeals and revolutionary menaces, but by calm, conservative methods, originating in the benign and orderly operations of an enlightened public opinion." Such a political platform embodies the real sentiment of the people. It is prophetic.

One of the good books that the war brought out is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and entitled, "The Porto Rico of To-day"—written by Albert Gardner Robinson. While a thoroughly readable book and richly illustrated, it aims to give us a view of the new acquisition to our territory. We judge from this book, as well as from the excellent report by the editor of the "Independent," in the "Review of Reviews," that Porto Rico will become the health resort of the United States. The United States authorities are rapidly bringing order out of chaos in this island and establishing such sanitation as will absolutely stamp out diseases which have heretofore been fostered by Spanish neglect. Our military service is developing some remarkably good executive talent. Among the noblest and best of those called into civic service are General Henry of Porto Rico and Gen. Wood of Santiago. The author unfolds the industrial possibilities of the island as very large.

On the Table lies a pamphlet from the pen of our friend, Lewis G. Janes, entitled, "Our Nation's Peril." In it he tells us: "The Maories, etc., are more competent to rule themselves than we are to govern them, judged by any test that implies their permanent betterment and survival as a people."

G. P. Putnam's Sons are publishing, in the "Story of the Nation Series," "The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century," by Justin McCarthy. I do not know where we can find anything in the way of contemporaneous history to compare with this work, unless it be a "History of Our Own Times," by the same author. Both of these histories show a remarkable ability for selecting, as well as rejecting, what should be said in a condensed history. The object of the author is to give an account of the social and political development of England since 1800. It is a rapid outline, but sufficiently filled up to make the work of real value to scholars as well as occasional readers. He shows the marvelous changes wrought by science and literature, by statesmen and philanthropists in the social life of England. We still wait in America for a similar work covering the century of American development. It should be forthcoming. The work is masterly from every point of view and is got up in excellent style by the Putnams.

In no field of American life is there such universal and hopeful seething of the elements as in education. New York state is determined to break down and get rid of its old and worthless regency system. The New England states and most of the middle states have given up the district system for the town system; UNITY readers are familiar with the problems which are being worked out in Chicago, as well as other large cities; while Dr. Eliot of Harvard heads a reformatory movement in preparatory schools—a movement that will reach down to the very bottom of all school life. Add to this that the National Uniyersity scheme, by which it is hoped to correlate all state universities and state systems, is being crowded toward success. "Education" of Boston and the "School Journal" of New York lay upon the table some stirring articles every month bearing on these problems.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the state.
MON.—The highest form of success comes from a life of strenuous toil and effort.
TUES.—What every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons, should be demanded from the American nation as a whole.
WED.—It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed.
THURS.—Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past.
FRI.—In this life we get nothing permanent save by effort.
SAT.—Let us face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; to be honest and brave; to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

The Squirrel's Arithmetic.

High on a branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat,
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?
The forest was green afound him,
The sky all over his head;
His nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he;
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree?
He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran,
"The best way to do without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

—*Normal Instructor.*

A Thrilling Scene in the Field Hospital at Guasimas.

There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping, and clothes literally saturated with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Captain McClintock with his lower leg bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had led his men, and that is saying much. I think Major Brodie was also there. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

Suddenly a voice started softly,

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Other voices took it up:

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride——"

The quivering, quavering chorus, punctuated by groans, and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—the pluckiest, most heartfelt song that human beings ever sang.

There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished with the line,

"Let freedom ring."

Then halting, struggling, faint, it repeated slowly,

"Land—of—the—Pilgrims'—pride,
Let Freedom——"

The last word was a woeful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.—*Edward Marshall in Scribner's.*

A Song of Peace.

Let us have peace on the hilltop—let us have peace on the plain;
Let us have peace in the sunlight, with rainbows that ripple through rain.
Let us have peace in the cities that reap of the field and the dells;
Let peace in a jubilant chorus thrill sweet from the throats of the bells!

There is hope in the world! let us sing it—let the story in melody rise;
Let the bells as in ecstacy ring it till the echo is heard in the skies!
There is hope that shall fade from us never—though stars in the heaven may cease;
And our country—our country forever—our country, and freedom, and peace!

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Higher Criticism in the Nursery.

It happened in the Sunday-school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidity rose up, and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other said, 'No; this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword, and I will make twins of him, so each can have one!'"

The Ears of Insects.

Naturalists have made some wonderful discoveries concerning the position of the ears on the bodies of certain insects. They are not placed as in larger animals, always on the side of the head, but are put on that part of the body where they are likely to be of most advantage, or to have the best protection. The common house-fly, for instance, does his hearing by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on the knobbed threads that occupy the places taken up by the hind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug, or shell-less snail, has his organs of hearing on each side of his neck, and the grasshopper has them on each side of his broad, flat thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are at the base of the wings, and in others on the bottom of the feet. Surely he who has made the grasshopper a special subject of study and put ears in his thighs that he may better fill his little space, will not fail to satisfy the deepest longings of the soul of man.—*Louis A. Banks, D. D., in Anecdotes and Morals.*

A small boy once went to an orchestral concert. On Jackey's return he was asked what he thought of the entertainment: "I liked it," he replied; "but if I was one of those men that played things, or that fat lady who sang, I wouldn't stand the way that the fellow in the front acted—the man with the stick. The harder they fiddled and the louder she sang the harder he shook a stick at 'em! What good is he, at any rate? They do the work."

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

A Farmer's Call.—The following circular letter which has reached our table is another straw that shows the direction of the current. It indicates the last and central problem of modern economics. If the farmer can profit by modern methods and modern advantages, everybody will ultimately profit by it; if he fails, all will ultimately fail.

Dear Sir: The problems of finance that have always fretted the farmer are becoming more and more perplexing. It seems harder and harder to make both ends meet and still enjoy the comforts due to every hard-working, honest and intelligent American citizen. It has been found on practice that the theories worked out by economists hold true.

Co-operation is a success in other branches of trade. Into almost every industry known to man it has been introduced with great success. Then why should not the farmer, whose industry is an art and a science combined, co-operate, and instead of allowing the profits of such business transactions as they may have to go into the pockets of a few and make them wealthy, allow each farmer the benefit of his share of such profits as may accrue from legitimate business?

The solution of these existing difficulties lies along the lines of co-operation and profit-sharing. It may not be a panacea for all ills, but certainly it would be a great help. Believing earnestly that great benefit would be derived from some such system of profit-sharing here in the country, we ask your consideration of the following scheme: Suppose the farmers of .....and surrounding territory should organize themselves into a co-operative association whose object it is to supply the needs of farmers at actual cost. The benefits to be derived from such an organization are many. we cannot go into details, but simply draw your attention to a few of the most prominent features.

1st. It would be a very great saving to the farmer. He would be his own storekeeper in that his share of the profits would come to him and not go to another party.

2nd. It would be the means of providing him with a more satisfactory market for his produce, thus saving the profit given to the local dealer and commission man, as this organization could deal directly with the consumer.

Is this scheme feasible? Cannot you help to bring this about? Can not a sufficient amount of interest be aroused in this scheme to get the farmers together and discuss it freely both for and against?

Kindly show this to your friends and do us the honor to let us hear from you in regard to the above.

Cleveland, Ohio.—We have already alluded to the resignation of Miss Murdoch and Miss Buck from the joint pastorate of Unity Church of Cleveland. The following resolutions indicate the esteem in which they are held and the quality of work they have done.

"Whereas, after six years of successful and satisfactory pastoral services, we are unexpectedly advised that Rev. Marion Murdock and Rev. Florence Buck have tendered their resignations as ministers of Unity Church.

"Resolved, That we accept their resignations only as an imperative necessity;

"Resolved, That in leaving this church and city they will take with them the veneration, love and admiration of not only the members of this church, but of many friends in and out of other churches;

"Resolved, That the six years of our association as pastors and people have been a blessing to this church and a precious privilege to us as individuals."

The Pacific Unitarians are to hold a conference at Oakland, May 3d to 5th. Rev. C. J. K. Jones of Los Angeles is to preach the opening sermon.

Home Libraries.—The attempt to establish reading centers in the crowded tenement homes in New York City is to be repeated in Chicago. Charles F. Weller, of the West Side district, has the matter in charge. What with his Pingree potato patch, home libraries and summer outings, Mr. Weller may well stand as an apostle of helpfulness in Chicago, perhaps the most successful worker in the charity that seeks to lift up rather than to hold up.

A Correction.

Editors of Unity:

I have been looking for a protest from someone in regard to the poem, "No Sects in Heaven," published in Unity April 6th. It is one of the poems that has suffered at the hands of orthodox pietists. So universally has the revision of the 105th line been accepted.

"And all who in Christ the Savior died,"

that there are doubtless many who do not know that the author wrote,

"And priest and quaker and all who died,"

but I don't like to have Unity perpetuate an error of this kind, and for that reason I call your attention to it.

Cordially,

L. MARGARET PRYSE.

Galesburg, Ill., April 23, 1899.

Lines Suggested by Dr. H. W. Thomas' Sermon on "The Perfect."

God of my soul, my life my all;
Help me to keep Thy image pure.
Help me to hear Thy every call,—
To feel myself with Thee secure.
No vengeance in Thy broad domain;
No cruelty is e'er Thy will;
The wage of sin is not Thy gain;
The door of heaven is open still.
Though sin must die that love may live,
Thy Father-heart will leave no pain
Where sacrifice that Thou canst give
Can be Thy children's lasting gain.
No sorrow comes at Thy command;
No vengeful thought Thy soul can move;
Lord of my heart, I take Thy hand,
And share Thy life of joy and love.

ALLEN HENRY SMITH.

Disarmament.

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song:
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

—*John G. Whittier.*

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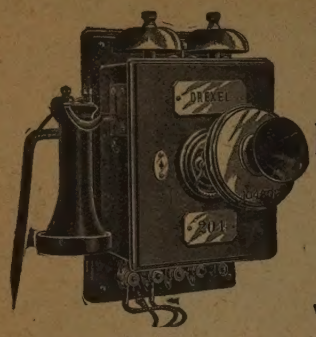

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